

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XII. No. 18

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY 29, 1922



Honey Ann's Earthquake.

BY YETTA KAY STODDARD.

"HONEY ANN" EARLE everybody used to laugh at. That is because she is such a laughing little girl herself and says and does things that are often a bit different from the things other children might say and do.

She lives on the side of a high mountain in the West, up where the bees gather honey all the long year through. No other playmate she has than "Zippy," her little dog, for there is no house nearer than Old Man Shoop's shanty, more than two miles around the trail on the other side of the mountain.

One day, about a year ago, Honey Ann ran into the house, panting so fast she could not get out the excited words she wanted to say. At last they began to tumble forth, all jumbled up.

"Woman. Two of 'em. Shack. Over there by High Pine. I saw—nailing boards. Going to live where we can see. Real folks."

Her mother somehow understood what the little girl was trying to tell. She took Honey Ann's hand and went out to the side porch.

"It's true!" the woman rejoiced. "We're going to have some women neighbors, at last!"

Honey Ann began to dance and clap her hands and make a song—a funny sing-song recitation, it sounded like.

"Maybe there's a little girl
Come to play with Honey Ann Earle!"

"But even if there is a little girl over there, my dear, she will still be too far away for you to play often with her," said Honey Ann's mother.

"Oh, no!" laughed Honey Ann. "We'll play together every single day. We'll wave hands. And we'll get up signals that mean words, and we'll talk! Oh, we're going to have the grandest time. Why, we'll sing songs together. I know I can sing loud enough to make them hear."

"I believe you can," said her mother, with a laugh. "But, but—my dear! Wait until they stop working, before you try."

Honey Ann was lifting her strong young voice on the first tones of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

"I believe the young one listened," she told her mother presently.

Every day Honey Ann was on the side porch whenever the neighbors across the way could be seen. She had attracted their attention by her practicing, for it was in Honey Ann's mind, heart, and powerful little throat to learn to sing very beautifully.

"Not just plain hollering, like Old Man Shoop," she explained. "But really, really singing, like the ladies in the shiny red box."

She meant the phonograph that Old Man Shoop "played."

Evidently the neighbors liked her long-drawn-out trills.

"Every time I wobbled my voice that new way they stopped hammering and listened," she explained. "I just believe they know a whole lot about singing. Mother, how soon can we take the trail over to call on them and find out their names, and if they can help me learn to sing, and if there's a little girl coming to live with them?"

"Just as soon as your father can spare the time from the bees," her mother promised. "You know, it's a long trail across the canyon, and one we've never taken yet. It wouldn't be safe for us to go alone—unless there was some good reason to take us. If our neighbors took sick and needed us, or something of that sort."

On an afternoon when her father and mother had gone to the nearest town with Old Man Shoop, Honey Ann and Zippy were keeping house. They were to be alone for several hours.

"It seems to me this is the hottest day we've ever had in the mountains," Honey Ann was saying to her waggle-tailed Zippy. "I wonder what the neighbors think of the kind of weather we have up here?"

Zippy had no answer better than a quick bark.

"Want to go and see? Well, just you wait till I get that last loaf out of the oven and we'll go out in the porch and sing till sundown."

Zippy, seeming to understand, went and lay at the open door. Suddenly, instead of a sleepy, lazy little dog, he had jumped up, his eyes flashing, his ears pricked up, his head on one side, all showing alert attention.

"What was that?" Honey Ann asked. She was obliged to make her own answer.

"Why, it was just as if the whole house had started to go one way and then turned around and come back."

Though she had never before experienced such a thing, Honey Ann knew the name of what had happened.

"Earthquake! I've had an earthquake all to myself! Zippy and I!"

Then she thought of her neighbors. Pulling the loaf out of the oven, dashing water over the fire, she ran out to the porch. It seemed afterwards that she knew what she was going to see and what she would have to do, and do quickly. The end of the little shack, that the women across the way were building, had fallen in!

"Maybe they're hurt! Maybe one of them is—or killed! Come on, Zippy! They need us!"

Away she scrambled down the unused, rocky trail, singing as she scrambled. She sang loud,—really it was extremely loud; it was almost as loud as Old Man Shoop's hollering. She thought she could go faster if she sang. She knew she would not then be afraid of anything on the long, lonesome trail.

There was almost a mile of rough down-going; then there was more than a mile of level-going across the dry canyon bottom; and then there was the rocky, dangerous climb up to where the neighbors lived. When Honey Ann began the last part of her journey she was silent. Even Zippy dragged wearily behind her and he was usually the one who ran ahead.

Slowly Honey Ann pulled herself up over the last rock. There was the good end of the shack still standing. She thought she heard a groan and that made her climb a little faster. She went to the door and peeped in. A woman's hand was sticking out from under some heavy boards.

"Are you killed?" panted Honey Ann. "No!" came a young woman's voice. "But we're held under these boards and we can't lift them off. Can you manage, do you think?"

"I'll try," laughed Honey Ann. "I'm only a little girl, but I guess I'm strong as those boards."

Lifting, tugging, putting her shoulder underneath, she wiggled away the board that was pressing on the older woman's arm. In another five minutes she had pushed aside another board; and then the younger woman had crawled out and was helping her. Together they worked fast and soon had the other woman out and lying on the bed.

"Dear child," both the women were saying. "Are you the singing one from over yonder?"

"Yes, I am," laughed Honey Ann. "I'm going to be a great wobbly singer when I grow up. I practice every day like the ladies in the red box at Old Man Shoop's shanty."

"Yes, we have heard you every day. It's been such good company." The younger woman was listening closely.

"Were you afraid in the earthquake?" asked Honey Ann. It seemed to the younger woman that every word was part of a lovely little song, it was so sweet.

"No," answered the older woman. "We didn't have time. We had fallen underneath those boards before we knew what happened."

"I thought so," said Honey Ann.

"Say that again," said the younger woman, listening, listening, to every shadow of sound that the little girl uttered.

Honey Ann repeated.

"I thought so."

"It's music!" both women exclaimed together. The younger woman put her arms around the little girl.

"My dear," she was saying, excitedly. "You don't have to wait to grow up to be a great singer. You are one now, only you need to learn to practice right. That was a good earthquake that brought you over here to save us, for now I am going to save your voice, so that many, many people in the world may enjoy it."

"You are a music-teacher?" asked Honey Ann, astonished.

"No, a singer. I was going to be a great one, only I got sick. And mother and I came here to make me well—to work and be outdoors and try to get strong again. I thought there would be no more music in my life until I heard you singing over on your porch."

"Then you *can* hear all the way across?" exclaimed Honey Ann.

She had run outside. There was her mother! She saw her looking up and down; saw her putting her hands to her mouth.

"She's trying to holler to me!" she laughed. "But she don't sound a bit!"

"Ma-a-a-a!"

The clear note boomed over the canyon. Her mother looked across quickly, waving her hand. Honey Ann waved hers in reply.

"She's about scared to death," she explained to the young woman. "I must go back—now that you're all right and the earthquake's all over."

"Oh, my dear! We can't let you go back all that way alone."

"I've got Zippy," said Honey Ann.

"But it's too near night-time. It would be dark before you reached the canyon. No, no. You must stay here."

"I know," said Honey Ann. "May I borrow a pencil? I'll write a note and send Zippy over with it. He's got four legs and he won't mind."

So Honey Ann wrote:

"Dear Ma,—

I had an earthquake and I looked out and the neighbors had one at the same time. And Zippy and I came over to help them. They were under some boards. But they're all right. And they're singers. And one is going to show me how to wobble my voice right. They won't let me come home, so here's Zippy.

Loving, Honey Ann."

And then Honey Ann took her first wonderful, wonderful singing lesson.

"Lay down, pup. Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you." "Mister, you'll have to say, 'Lie down.' He's a Boston terrier."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

The Price of a Holiday.

BY BETH PORTER SHERWOOD.

THE unclouded sun poured its torrid beams down upon Mr. Jenkins's carrot-field, and Ben straightened his aching back and looked around wearily.

"If there's anything in this world I despise, it's my weeding carrots," he muttered disgustedly.

He looked along the rows and rows of tender, feathery green, but there was no admiration in his eyes; rather, a look of impatient endurance.

"Hello. Going to finish the carrots before dinner?" called a mocking voice.

Ben threw a handful of young carrots at an inquisitive toad that just then popped his head out from behind a lump of earth. "Sure," he drawled ironically, "and then I'm going to do yours."

The youth on the other side of the fence laughed. "Weeding carrots is a discouraging job, but two or three of us go at it together and make quick work of it, so we don't mind it so much."

"Uncle John always leaves that for me to do when he's away, and I always have to do just so much. To-day I'm to do over to that stake."

"Well, you'll have to work some," commented his companion. "Going to the ball-game to-morrow afternoon?"

Ben shook his head with a gesture of discouragement. "I don't expect to. Uncle John is behind with his work and of course he'll think he can't spare me."

"Well, so long. I guess I'll call for you to-morrow afternoon anyway. Don't work too hard." And with a wave of his hand his neighbor left him.

Again Ben turned to his task and by and by from his regretful thoughts of the ball-game his mind reverted to the cool lemonade his aunt told him he might make when he became thirsty.

He decided he was sufficiently thirsty now and went to the house, made and drank the lemonade, and noted with a pleasant feeling of anticipation that his aunt had left his dinner, covered with a napkin, on the table in the back kitchen.

He lifted a corner of the cover. There was cold roast beef, pie, crisp cookies, bread and butter, milk, and potatoes which he was to fry for himself. His aunt had once remarked that he could fry potatoes as well as she could.

The meal looked good to him and he felt tempted to eat it then, but reflecting that he would need it more in another hour he refrained. Taking a couple of cookies he went out.

"Is the boss in?" was the inquiry of a man whom he met as he was turning the corner of the house to go back to his work.

"No, he isn't home," replied Ben, giving the surly-looking, unshaven stranger a sharp glance.

"Do you s'pose the missus'd give me a bite to eat? I've had no breakfast."

"No, she isn't home either," was Ben's impulsive reply. "Go on up to the next house."

The man turned and went back to the road, where he stood for a moment leaning idly against the fence, and then, without appearing to be aware of the fact that Ben was observing him, walked slowly away.

Ben went back to his work, but his thoughts turned disquietedly to the man as he recalled his sly, shifty eyes, his grimy hands, and his dirty unkempt clothes.

He wondered if he belonged to the construction gang which was working two or three miles away, members of which were said to have the habit of helping themselves to whatever portable goods they could gain access to.

"I oughtn't to have told him that Uncle and Aunt were both away," he thought uneasily. "Still, he went off up the road and most likely he wouldn't come back," he concluded.

He worked away for a while longer and then decided that it was time to go to the house and get his dinner, feed the pigs and hens and chickens, and allay the vague uneasiness he felt concerning his disreputable-looking caller.

"I don't suppose there's much mischief he could do if he did come back. The house is all locked up but the back kitchen," he consoled himself. "He might eat my dinner, though."

He quickened his steps a little as he thought of his dinner, and looked around keenly but no one was in sight.

"I might as well feed the hens first," he decided as he neared the hen-house, and then—"Well, for pity's sake! What's that?"

He stopped short and gazed with wonder and dismay at a strange-looking bundle not far from the door of the hen-house.

"It looks like a bag of—of something," he thought. He went up to it, stooped and put his hand upon it, and the movement and feeble squawks that came from within told him that it was undoubtedly a bag of his uncle's fine hens that would in all probability soon smother to death if not speedily released.

He jerked out his pocket-knife and with fingers that trembled with haste and indignation pulled open the blade and slit the bag from end to end, when the poor hens ran or staggered out, according to their condition, as speedily as possible.

"It must have been that miserable Dago. Thought he was getting a great haul taking our very best hens, but I've spoiled that little game for him," thought Ben, with grim satisfaction.

He hurried to the house. On a bench on the back veranda was a large parcel done up in a white cloth that he quickly recognized as one of his aunt's tablecloths.

He opened it and found a loaf of bread, some cake, part of a ham, some butter, and various other articles.

He opened the door and went into the kitchen, to find his dinner gone—eaten, he had no doubt. He went out, brought the things in the tablecloth back to the kitchen, and started to look for the plunderer.

Remembering that discretion would by all odds be the better part of valor, he went out cautiously. Near the pigpen he heard voices, and a commotion among the pigs.

He advanced quietly and an animated bag on the ground proclaimed that a small pig had been captured and was in durance vile in the bag. Quickly he released it and then paused to listen.

"Now, now ketch that little feller and I'll get this one," shouted a voice that

Ben recognized as belonging to his visitor of the morning.

"Shut up!" came an answering growl, "Some one'll hear you. That kid'll be comin' back."

"Haw! haw!" laughed the other, defiantly. "What do you s'pose he could do with the two of us? Why, we'd just pop him into a bag and take him along."

Ben flushed angrily. They would, would they? Well, if he was only a kid, he guessed they'd find him more of a handful than they anticipated.

Then the sickening thought followed, that in reality he was only a boy and there were at least two men. His chance of a successful contest with them was certainly not very favorable.

He was all alone. There was no probability that his uncle would return before five or six o'clock, and no neighbor would be likely to happen along.

Should he give up and let them take his uncle's goods without a struggle? He shut his lips determinedly. Not if he could help it.

He crept up silently. He would lock the door and go for a neighbor. The door stuck as he attempted to close it, and nervously he kicked away the obstacle and the door shut with a thump. Hastily he grasped the padlock, thrust the bar through the staple, and turned the key, dimly conscious that the noise in the pen had subsided.

He turned and ran a few steps, but the sound of breaking glass made him pause and look back. One of the men had his head through the little window in the outside portion of the hog-house.

"Hi, you young villain!" he shouted. "You unlock that door this minute or you'll wish you had. Here, come back!" he ordered, as Ben, with one quick look back, started to run.

Thinking he might attract the attention of some stray passer-by, he shouted, "Hello! Hello! Help!"

A mocking laugh answered him, and, turning his head, Ben saw one of the men struggling through the window.

Persistently, despairingly, with sinking heart Ben ran on though his feet felt like lead.

Blindly he stumbled over something and just saved himself from a fall. The lawn and garden hose! He had been using it the night before, and instead of coiling it away as usual he had dropped it where it was and had gone to obey a summons from his aunt and had forgotten all about it.

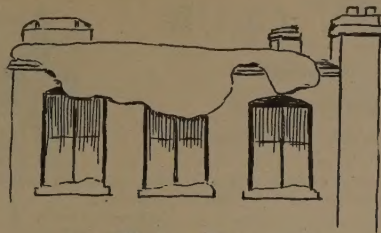
He grabbed it up, sprang to the faucet, wrenched it open, and watched the writhing of the hose as the water rushed through it, but to Ben it seemed to take an unconscionably long while, for both men were free and were running toward him.

Fair on the head and chest the stream of water struck first one and then the other as they advanced.

"Stop that! Stop that! Oh, just wait till I get hold of you!" shouted one, dancing back and forth, and trying to elude the oncoming deluge, as Ben directed the torrent upon first one and then the other.

At first they had given back, but now drenched and mad with rage they were closing in upon him.

As the stream was directed toward one



Mother Nature.

BY STELLA KNIGHT RUESS.

WHILE the sleepers cuddled down

In the houses of the town
Mother nature kept them warm,
Adding blanket piled by storm.
In the morning when they woke
She just played a little joke—
Threw the covers back to air,
Snowy quilts a-hanging there
Far below the house-roof ledge,
Held by magic to the edge.

the other made a rush, and poor Ben dared not think of what might happen when finally he should be in their power.

They were very close now. Ben's breath came in quick, nervous gasps. They were almost near enough to grasp him. He turned from one and directed the stream full in the face of the other, who gave back sputtering and choking, and Ben whirled to meet the first.

He knew the fight must soon end, they were so near now, and this was his only weapon.

Oh, if some one would only come! But it seemed as if every one was away, or at home resting or working, or partaking of the noonday meal.

Despairingly, Ben glanced toward the road. Dimly he wondered if that really were a cloud of dust and the roll of wheels, or if it was only a dancing haze before his eyes and a roaring in his ears that he seemed to see and hear.

No; there was a shout, another, and the sound of galloping horses, and two athletic young fellows sprang over the gate and rushed toward him, eager to take a hand in the fray.

The assailants turned and ran hotly, pursued by the young men, who triumphantly returned with one and a sufficient description of the other to ensure his capture later.

"Well done, Bub!" they cried uproariously, slapping Ben upon the back so vigorously that he almost reeled. "Well done! You were putting up a good fight and no mistake. What was it all about, anyway?"

Confused and excited, Ben told his story. "Well, we've got one of the rascals anyway, and I guess the other'll be likely to make himself scarce around here for a while. Guess we'd better take our man now and turn him over to the sheriff, and if we can't find anything better to do this afternoon, we'll come back and you can show us how to weed carrots," gaily suggested one of the men.

"All right," laughed Ben. "I'll be glad to teach you."

He gazed after them till they were out of sight and then went to gather up the stray hens and the pig and get himself something to eat.

To be sure, the carrots were not all

weeded, but when Mr. Jenkins returned he found no fault, and when Arthur Fenwick called to ask if Ben could go to the ball-game the next afternoon he gave a willing consent.

When Little Barbara Ann Went to Bermuda.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

PART III.

IN the happy days that followed, Barbara Ann learned a great deal about the Bermuda Islands. She could see for herself that there are many, many islands in Bermuda too tiny for any use. They wouldn't even be safe for a Robinson Crusoe play, because when Uncle Peter rowed in a little boat around one near shore Barbara Ann could see that the edges of the tiny island went straight down into deep, deep water.

When Barbara Ann went driving, she crossed from island to island over little bridges, because the islands are so close together. There are believed to be three hundred and sixty-five islands in the Bermudas and only the big ones have their names marked on the map. Uncle Peter told Barbara Ann that men who are good walkers sometimes walk from one end of the islands to the other in a day, as the distance is only about twenty-five miles.

"The islands in this little fairy world," Aunt Susan explained, "lie together in a shape much like the new moon. At the east end is the old town of St. George's, and nearer the western end is Hamilton, and these are the only towns on the islands, although there are several little villages."

"Please tell me the Bermuda story?"

Barbara Ann said one day when the happy family were driving along between royal palm trees and past oleander hedges all in pink bloom, and by banana gardens and pawpaw trees bearing fruit, while birds were singing and the warm air was sweet with the perfume of roses.

"In the beginning," said Uncle Peter, "a Spanish sailor, whose name was Bermudez, discovered the islands soon after Christopher Columbus discovered America. The islands were uninhabited. No human being had ever lived here. As time passed, other Spanish soldiers went home and told wild stories about Bermudez islands. They told of the storms and the winds around Bermuda; they said that sirens were always singing on the rocks, trying to get sailors close enough to be shipwrecked, and that the waters of the little coves and bays were filled with mermaids. When the King of Spain wished to send colonists over to Bermuda to settle here, they said, in their own language, 'No, we wish to be excused from going to the Enchanted Islands!' And they wouldn't come."

"About one hundred years later an English ship was wrecked on the Bermudas, but no lives were lost. All on board, and there were one hundred and fifty men, women, and children on that sinking ship, all landed safely in Bermuda, and they loved the country. They stayed about ten months, until two ships were built which carried them to Jamestown in Virginia. About two years later, and eight years before the Pilgrim Fathers settled in Ply-



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Any club member who has lost his button must send a two-cent stamp when requesting another.

1936 BERRYMAN STREET,
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school of Berkeley. It is a dear little vine-covered church near the beautiful campus of the University of California. I am very much interested in the *Beacon* stories and enjoy puzzling out the enigmas. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Dempster and our superintendent is Dr. Morgan. I will be very glad to wear the Beacon Club button.

Yours truly,
MARY FRANCES THELEN.

2257 LOTH STREET,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I go to the First Protestant St. John's Sunday school, and our minister is Rev. Hugo Eisenlohr and our teacher is Miss Ballauf. We have organized a sort of Lend a Hand Club and we are making a Christmas Box for different institutions. I would like to correspond with

a girl from the British Isles about my age if possible. I am thirteen years old.

Sincerely yours,
LORRAINE BRATFISH.

PLEASANT STREET,
EAST LEXINGTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade in grammar school. I attend the Follen Church. I have my sixth Go-to-Church-Band pin and I hope to get my seventh one. I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and like to read the stories that are in it.

Sincerely yours,
ELINOR GALE.

Other new members of our Club are Aileen Adair, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.; Ruth Burkhard, Minneapolis, Minn.; Elizabeth Ruf, Nashua, N.H.; Doris Lecky, New York City; Arline Muench, Cincinnati, Ohio; Jane Shields, Salt Lake City, Utah. In Massachusetts, new members are Benjamin and Polly Beale, Boston; Charles E. Southworth, Needham; Norman W. Erlandson, Watertown; Chester Ballou, Orville Ford, Dorothy Ellen Lamb, Norma Leonard, Winthrop; Ruth Wyand, Wollaston.

mouth, a colony of English people came to live in Bermuda, and the islands have belonged to England ever since.

"Bermudians used to be famous ship-builders in the long ago, and many of the beautiful little churches here were built by ship-carpenters.

"In these days, when passing ships need coal, they come to St. George's in Bermuda for fresh supplies. That is why you may hear it said that Bermuda is a coaling station, and why when we go driving we sometimes see so many ships off the land, waiting their turn to come into St. George's Harbor."

"I can tell you, Barbara, who never, never comes overseas to Bermuda," Aunt Susan interrupted. "Shall I do so?"

"If you please," said the child.

"His name is Jack Frost," was the answer, "in all the three hundred years since the English came to live here, Jack Frost has never been seen, and no snow has ever covered this lovely land."

"Then I shouldn't like to live here always," was Barbara Ann's unexpected reply. "I like Jack Frost and snowstorms!"

Kindly Light.

SOME years ago, in New England, there was, as we all know, a young girl named Laura Bridgman. She had been blind and deaf and dumb from her second year. Her only contact with this world was through her sense of touch, and even that sense had not been cultivated. When she was eight years old, Dr. S. G. Howe, one of the greatest

of American philanthropists, became interested in her pitiful condition, and sought to help her.

He began by taking her hand in his and reading aloud to her for a quarter of an hour. This he did at the same time every day. Then about the tenth day he omitted the reading, and watched to see if she noticed the omission. Week after week passed, but she gave no sign.

Finally, one day when the usual hour had come for the reading and he did not begin, she gave unmistakable signs of annoyance. That marked the first great step. Soon, he tells us, her advance was rapid. In time, Laura Bridgman, through Doctor Howe's efforts, became an educated and intelligent woman, alive to all the throbbing life of the great world.

When we read this remarkable history, the tremendous significance of one particular moment in her development must impress us. It was a mighty moment when the conviction seized her: "*Some one is trying to tell me something!*" Ever afterward her great purpose in life must have been to learn what that some one had to tell her.

Many, with more advantages at birth, have gone through a similar experience. They have looked out on the world, on its joys and its sorrows, its blessings and its tragedies; and found it all meaningless. Then one day it has flashed across them: "There's a meaning in these things! Some One is trying to tell me, and make me understand!"

Then there remains for such a one, as for Laura Bridgman, just one thing—to try to learn what that Some One would say.

Youth's Companion.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA XXXIV.

FOUND IN THE ZOO.

1.
I am composed of 8 letters.
My 3, 7, 2, is a boy's name.
My 1, 6, 9, 8, is a bird.
My 4, 9, 5, 6, is to change direction.

2.
I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 3, 6, is used for cooling.
My 2, 8, 7, is from a tree.
My 4, 5, is a note of the scale.

3.
I am composed of 8 letters.
My 4, 3, 8, is an animal friend.
My 5, 1, 7, is a fowl.
My 4, 6, 2, is a very close friend.

4.
I am composed of 9 letters.
My 3, 8, 1, is to lick.
My 9, 4, 5, 7, is not common.
My 6, 2, 8, 5, is a wild animal.

D. H.

HIDDEN FLOWERS.

1. We shall want bread and butter, cups and saucers.
2. In old times they played the harpsichord, viol, etc.
3. The girl was named Rose Mary.
4. What does the rhinoceros eat?
5. Rhoda, is your watch right?
6. John is now in Denver; Ben and I are going soon to stay with him.
7. I think this matter is urgent, Ian.
8. A pin knows nothing, though it has a head.
9. In great haste Ruth dressed to go and tell her brother the news.
10. Put your cape on; you may feel cold here.
11. The pan Sylvia showed me was quite new.
12. This piece is well known to most music lovers.
13. The man's name was Hannibal Samson.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

TWISTED ANIMALS.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Kmnoye. | 6. Smoeo. |
| 2. Bloafuf. | 7. Etpelhna. |
| 3. Terhnep. | 8. Cineuppor. |
| 4. Diepora. | 9. Etnapeol. |
| 5. Aorognak. | 10. Ondeyk. |

VIVIAN HINCKLEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXX.—The Boston Transcript.

ENIGMA XXXI.—Shanghai.

FLIGHT-OF-STAIRS PUZZLE.—

O A T
A T E
T E A
E A R
A R E
R E D

CHARADE.—Maryland.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
570 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.